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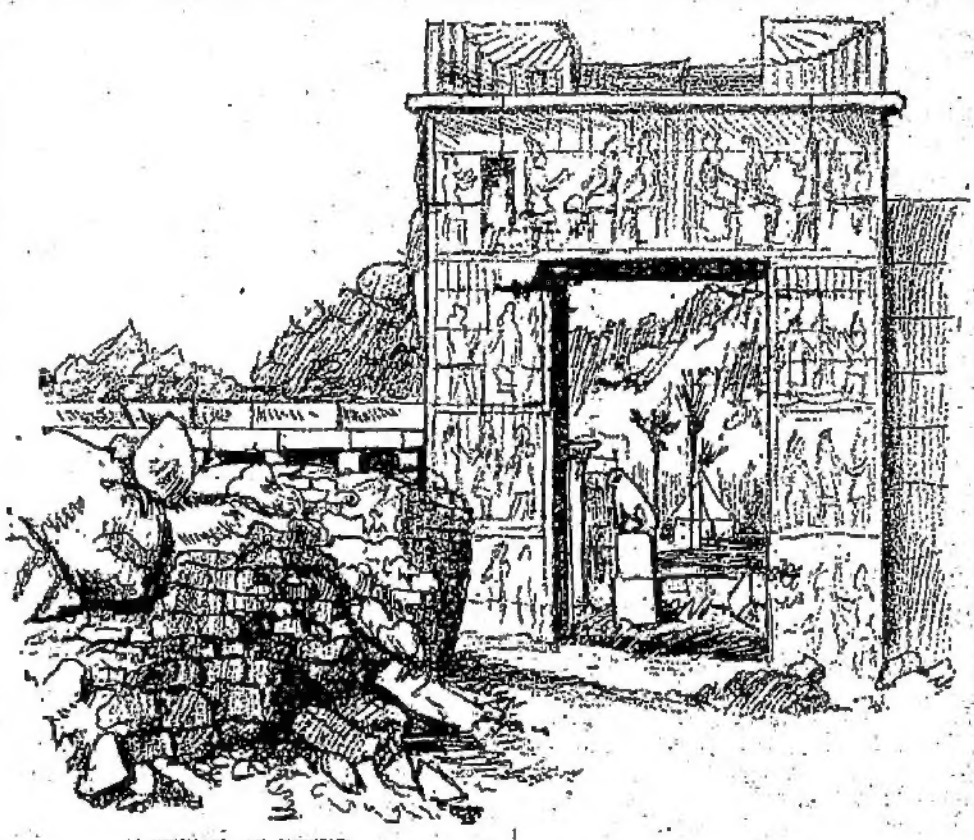


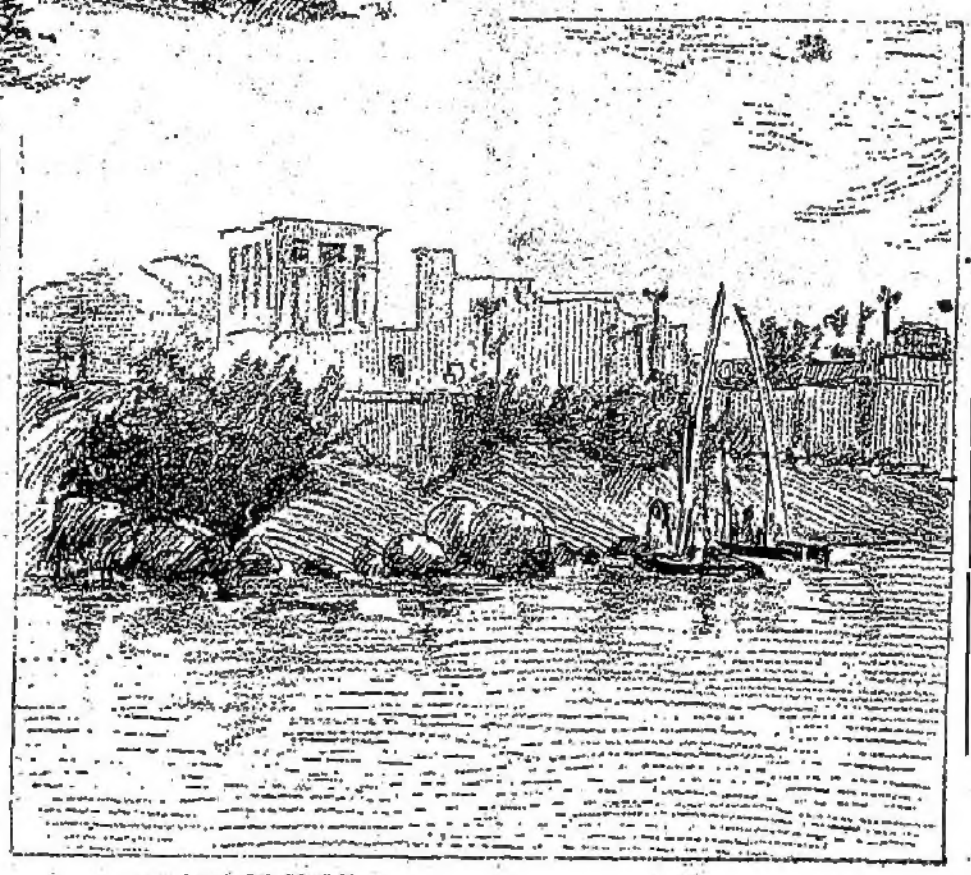
ARCHWAY AT PHILÆ.

THE ISLE AND TEMPLE OF PHILÆ ON THE UPPER NILE.

The complaint, which was more prevalent half a century ago than it is now, against the utilitarian spirit of the age, and its ruthless disregard of romantic associations, will probably be renewed, with some apparent provocation, says the *Illustrated London News*, if the Egyptian Public Works Department should finally decide on executing the scheme recommended by eminent official engineers for the construction of an irrigation reservoir by erecting a dam across the Nile at Assouan, thereby submerging the famous little isle of Philæ, with its interesting architectural remains, and destroying the most beautiful scenery, from the picturesque point of view, that tourists in Egypt can find.

It is to be hoped that the special commission of three competent advising engineers, one English, one French, and one Italian, recently sent to examine this question at Assouan, will devise some plan equally well calculated to provide a sufficient water-supply for the agriculture of Upper Egypt without inundating Philæ; but although the sentiment which demands its preservation as a matter of taste is a creditable token of mental refinement, the existing ruins are not of such sublime antiquity or of such unique monumental character as the stupendous edifices of the Pharaohs. The temple at Philæ was dedicated, indeed, to the worship of Isis, and Osiris, two of the principal deities of the older Egyptian mythology, but is a structure of much later date—little more than two thousand years ago—mainly the work of those Macedonian conquerors who ruled Egypt from 323 B.C. until the Roman conquest under Augustus Cæsar, but completed afterwards by the orders of Roman Emperors since the Christian era. It was Osiris, after being slain and cut to pieces by the fiend Typhon, was restored to unity by the diligence of his wife, the goddess Isis, who picked up all the scattered pieces of his body; but Osiris having died, Philæ was his burial place. Nothing is easier than to interpret this fable as an instructive ethical allegory, and to say that Osiris and Isis are personifications of good principles, with fancied male and female characteristic manifestations, contending against evil. Every mythology can be forced to yield materials of a sermon not less edifying by the same method, which several great authors, and notably our Milton, in a noble passage of his prose writings, have used with impressive eloquence. But nobody now believes that Osiris, whoever or whatever he was, sleeps at Philæ.

This place is a rock of blackish granite, 1,200 ft. long and 450 ft. broad, in the channel of the Nile just above the first cataract. There is soil enough upon it to grow a few palms, and its banks are fringed with rich verdure. The islet is almost covered with ruins of the groups of building that formed the temple. Of these, the oldest part is the great propylon, or approach to the gate, erected by Nectanebes II., about 361 B.C., which is 60 ft. high and 120 ft. wide. Ptolemy Euergetes, who reigned from 264 B.C. to 221 B.C., and Ptolemy Epiphanes, who died in 180 B.C., continued the building, and the Roman colonnade was perhaps added by Tiberius Cæsar. The actual temple, at the north end, is adorned with figures representing the story of Osiris and Isis; and there is a small chapel, with a portico, above the four columns of which are sculptured faces of the goddess Athor. Without disparaging the architecture, it may be said that many finer examples of the Classical style are to be seen in other countries, and the material here used is not marble, but a kind of sandstone. Philæ owes its charm more to its situation and its surroundings, with the contrast between hard rock and luxuriant vegetation, and with the presence of a mighty river, than to its ruined temple buildings; yet we cannot wish that these should be swept away, though irrigation is a good work.



THE ISLE OF PHILÆ.

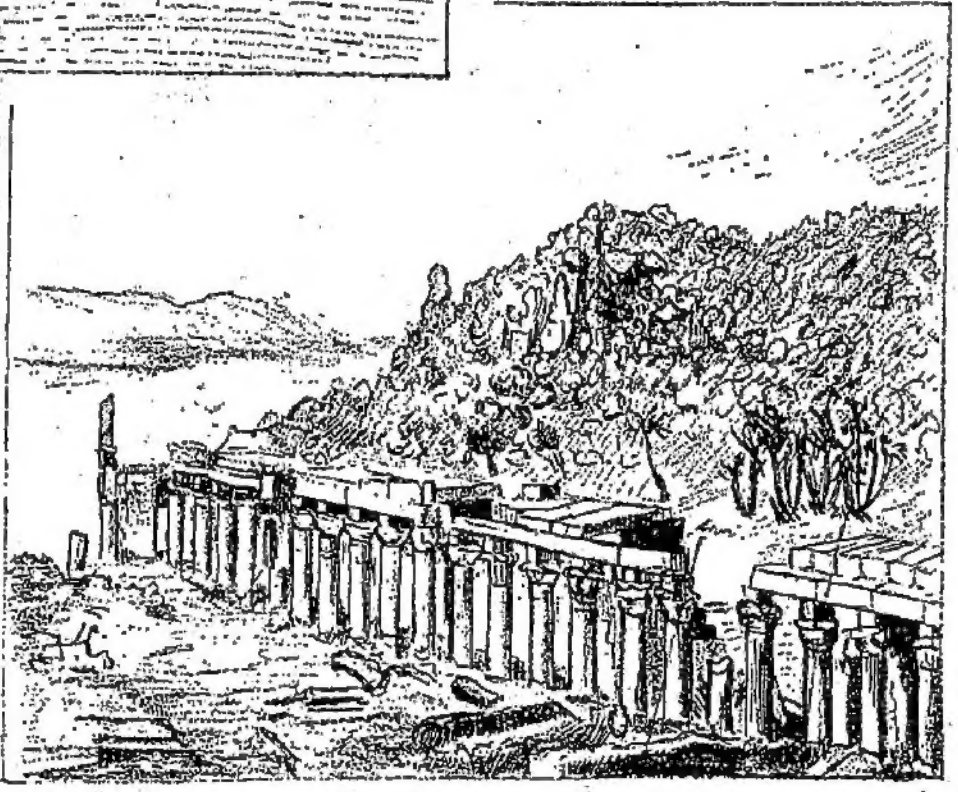
the policy of those rulers to conciliate the Egyptian priesthood and their adherents by supporting the native religious institutions; and it was the fashion among Greeks of the Alexandrian period, and subsequently among Romans who affected foreign learning, to profess reverence for the occult doctrine which they imagined to underlie the traditions of ancient Egypt. Dilettante patronage, therefore, not the genuine belief of a pristine age, was the motive of those who built this elegant temple, very much as if the British Government of India, prompted by enthusiastic students of Orientalist lore, had thought fit to erect and endow new edifices for the Hindoo worship.

The most poetical incident connected with this celebrated place is the traditional Egyptian custom of swearing a very solemn oath by 'Him who sleeps at Philæ.' It was understood that the beneficent demigod

AN INCIDENT AND ITS RESULTS.

A woman, engaged in missionary work among the poor of Chicago, found a pitiable case of distress. While passing through the hallway of a tenement-house, she heard sobbing and moaning. Knocking at a door and entering a room she found a starving woman dangerously ill, with a child in her arms and no attendant.

It was a harrowing instance of human woe. Husband and wife had come from



COLONNADE AT PHILÆ.

England to America, and had made a living for several years. Then the man's health failed, and the wife had exhausted their savings in nursing and finally burying him.

With the baby in her arms she could not find employment. Starvation and death stared her in the face. She was tempted to think that except for the child the sooner life was ended the better.

It was easy to give medicine and food and to restore the woman's health. It was hard to find work for her. She was a skilled lace-maker, having learned the trade when a girl in the country.

The missionary interested Chicago ladies, and formed a lace-making class, which was taught by the woman. It was a temporary expedient for providing her with a little money until she could find something else to do. Incidentally it enabled the missionary, who joined the class, to become proficient in the art.

Subsequently the missionary was employed among the Indians of the North-West. She was a practical woman, not content with religious instruction alone, and found the work depressing because there was no industrial employment suited to Indian women.

Her health and spirits failing, she went to Japan, where the marvellous skill of the native lace-makers passed under her observation. Like a flash came the thought:

'That is what the Indian women can do. Why did I not think of my poor Chicago lace-maker's trade when I was working among them?'

She was so deeply impressed with this thought that she returned to New York, enlisted the support of the missionary boards, and went to the Indian reservations to teach what she had learned from the woman whom she once rescued.

The experiment proved highly successful, for the Indian women had a natural aptitude for lace-making and soon learned to do the most delicate work. The system was extended to many reservations, to the credit of the missionary—Miss Carter—whose own story has here been repeated.

The forlorn lace-maker in Chicago, starving and dying, seemed to have little potentiality for usefulness in the world; and the missionary's call at the tenement was a trivial incident, an insignificant deed of kindness, which gave no promise of large results.

But nothing is so small or feeble as to be lost in the moral economy of God's universe. The lace-maker's talent and the missionary's humane impulse were little things that passed without observation; but out of them was evolved a system of industrial education for Indian women, the full results of which only Omniscience can know. —*Youth's Companion.*

FAMILY WORSHIP.

In order to obey the Divine command to bring up our children in the 'nurture and admonition of the Lord,' it seems as if family worship were a necessity. Christian parents will teach their children to pray. How inconsistent for them never to gather the loved ones around the family altar and engage in family prayer!

As the family is the oldest Divine institution, so it is the best one in which to implant seeds of truth and righteousness in the hearts of our children. It does not seem possible for parents to bring up their children in the way they should go; to implant the holy principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in their hearts, which shall guide and control their conduct through life, and lead them into the way of all truth, so that as they grow up they may become bright and shining lights in the world, and pillars in the temple of our God, and habitually neglect family worship.

No sight is more beautiful, and none has a better effect on the heart and life of a child, than for the entire family, as a family, to worship God. When the beautiful light has returned from its chambers in the east, and greeted us with a new morning, and we arise refreshed with sweet slumber, and our bodies have been refreshed with the bounties of God's providence so richly conferred upon us, how exalted the privilege for the father and the mother and the children which God has given them, each to take a copy of the precious Word of God and altogether read a lesson from the sacred Book.

It is God speaking to them and giving them instruction for the day. Then let all join in the singing of a hymn of praise, after which all reverently kneel before God their Maker, while the father or mother offers up a short prayer.

This will only consume a few moments of time—not to exceed one half hour—and they will be moments rich in blessing, which before the cross we spend, and the entire family will go out to meet the busy cares of the day far better prepared for its work than it was possible without this family worship.—*L. L. Carpenter, in Our Young Folks.*

SOPHIA'S LESSON.

Sophia is a working woman who earns her bread by hard labor, and whose hands can never afford to be idle. She is a sincere and warm hearted Christian, has a fresh experience every day, and is a blessing to those about her.

In a social meeting one evening we heard her tell how she came to like to use the Lord's prayer. She had thought that only formal Christians employed it, and to use her own words it seemed 'stale.'

One day she went to wash for a lady and was surprised to find that she offered her no breakfast. After a time the lady went away and dinner time came without her return, so Sophia worked away without anything to eat. Washing all day without any food, night came on and as the woman was away there was no supper.

Sophia began to pray, 'Oh! Lord what does it mean?' The answer came, 'You think the Lord's prayer is stale.' Sophia was quick to remember her previous thoughts, and cried, 'Dear Father, forgive me, and give me this day my daily bread.'

Only a little after, a warm hearted Irish woman came in with a plate of warm biscuit and a cup of tea, saying, 'I thought may be you would like some of my warm biscuit after your hard day's work.'

Sophia's lesson was learned; she thanked God for his quick answer to prayer and has never since called the Lord's prayer 'stale.' —*Earnest Christian.*

COMMON SENSE

From the *Christian* of London, we make the following extract which we regard as most excellent advice for teachers of children in our Bible schools: 'Common-sense teaches that the time has gone by for mere secular education in our Sunday-schools, but how many content themselves with imparting particulars about the Word of God, and forget that the chief work is to introduce the children to Jesus. Let us preach Jesus Christ as Lord; that truth suits the child as well as the man. Make clear to the child what sin is; that he is lost, and so lost that Christ only could find him; that God intended him to be his temple, but sin has defiled and alienated him from the life of God; point him to Jesus who died that he might live, and do not rest until Christ is formed in him the hope of glory. This position must be mastered first. As a rule it is the most irksome, but it is always most profitable. Child teaching is a work more for the heart than for the head.'

GET THEM INTERESTED.

Get the children interested in the church as well as in the Sabbath-school. Encourage them to attend the regular services, and have them do something in raising money for it. It is wonderful what they can do if set rightly to work. They will feel that they are more a part of the church if they have a money-interest in it, and will grow up feeling that they are responsible for its maintenance and prosperity.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XII.—JUNE 17, 1891.

1. THE WOES OF THE DRUNKARD. Prov. 23:29-35.

A Temperance Lesson.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 29-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Look not thou upon the wine when it is red.'—Prov. 23:31.

HOME READINGS.

M. Prov. 23:29-35.—The Woes of the Drunkard.
T. Isa. 5:11-23.—The Evil and End of Intemperance.
W. Isa. 28:1-18.—Drunkenness Denounced.
Th. Eph. 5:15-21.—Wine-Drinking.
F. Prov. 23:15-23.—Timely Admonitions.
S. 1 Cor. 8:1-13.—Abstinence for the Sake of Others.
S. Rom. 14:12-23.—Personal Responsibility

LESSON PLAN.

I. Sorrow in the Cup. vs. 29, 30.
II. Poison in the Cup. vs. 31, 32.
III. Debasement in the Cup. vs. 33-35.

TIME.—About B.C. 1000; Solomon king of all Israel.

PLACE.—Written by Solomon in Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. SORROW IN THE CUP. vs. 29, 30.—What six questions are asked in v. 29? What is the answer to them all? What is *mixed wine?* What warning against wine is given by Paul? Eph. 5:18. To whom does the wine-cup bring sorrow?

II. POISON IN THE CUP. vs. 31, 32.—What warning is given in v. 31? How does wine tempt the eye? What will wine do at the last? What effect has wine-drinking on the health? What effect on the mind and the heart? Why is it wicked to risk life or health needlessly? Show that there is poison in the wine-cup.

III. DEBASEMENT IN THE CUP. vs. 33-35.—How does the wine-cup debase its victims? What clause in the lesson describes the drunkard's unreasonableness? His lack of judgment? His unwillingness to receive advice? His weakness of will? His inability to reform? What is the end of intemperance? 1 Cor. 6:10.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Intemperance is a fearful evil and sin.
2. We should abstain from the use of strong drinks.
3. We should try to keep others from using them.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What evils of intemperance are mentioned in v. 29? Ans. Sorrow, contentions, babbling, wounds and redness of eyes.
2. What counsel is given in v. 31? Ans. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red.
3. What reason is given for this counsel? Ans. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.
4. How may we avoid the danger of intemperance? Ans. Never taste a drop of intoxicating drink.
5. What should we do to check the evil of intemperance? Ans. Everything in our power to stop the sale and use of intoxicating drinks.

LESSON XII.—JUNE 17, 1891.

2. THE ANOINTED KING.—Psalm 2:1-12.

A Missionary Lesson.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance.'—Ps. 2:8.

HOME READINGS.

M. Dan. 7:1-14.—Messiah's Kingdom.
T. Psalm 2:1-12.—The Anointed King.
W. Psalm 45:1-17.—A Right Sceptre.
Th. Psalm 110:1-7.—The Priest-King.
F. Acts 2:25-36.—Both Lord and Christ.
S. Acts 4:23-33.—Against the Lord and his Christ.
S. Acts 13:26-35.—The Promise Fulfilled.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The King Resisted. vs. 1-5.
II. The King Enthroned. vs. 6-9.
III. The King Received. vs. 10-12.

TIME.—B.C. 1040, soon after the victories of David over the Philistines, Moabites and Syrians.

PLACE.—Probably written in Jerusalem by David.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *The heathen*—'the nations.' 2. *Set themselves*—assume a hostile position. *His anointed*—Messiah; Christ. 3. *Bands....cords*—the restraints of his authority. 4. *Sitteth in the heavens*—above all their anger and rage. 5. The Lord is represented first as speaking, and then as acting. He warns, and then strikes. 6. *Set*—anointed, or firmly placed. *Upon my holy hill of Zion*—here, and frequently elsewhere in the Scriptures, by Zion the Church is designated. 7. Messiah, the King in Zion, now speaks. *I will declare the decree*—Revised Version, 'I will tell the decree.' *Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee*—this day have I declared and manifested thee to be my Son. (Compare Rom. 1:4.) 10. *Instructed*—warned. 12. *Kiss*—acknowledge his authority. *When his wrath is kindled but a little*—Revised Version, 'for his wrath will soon be kindled.'

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE KING RESISTED. vs. 1-5.—With what question does this psalm begin? What is said of kings and rulers? What do they propose to do? Who is meant by *his anointed?* How does the Lord treat the threats of his enemies? What will he do?

II. THE KING ENTHRONED. vs. 6-9.—What does the Lord say? Who is the King in Zion? Who is the speaker in v. 7? What has the Lord said to him? What had the Lord promised him? How shall his enemies be treated? In his victory what nations shall perish? Isa. 60:12. What shall be the extent and duration of his kingdom? Psalm 72:8, 11, 17.

III. THE KING RECEIVED. vs. 10-12.—What appeal is made to kings and judges? Who are they commanded to serve? In what spirit? To whom must they submit? What will be the end of continued rebellion? What promise will be made to those who receive and honor this King in Zion? How should we serve him? How doth Christ execute the office of a king? What is our duty as subjects of his kingdom?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Christ is the eternal King.
2. He will bring all nations into his kingdom.
3. It is foolish and vain to oppose him.
4. All who do not receive him shall perish.
5. It is our duty to acknowledge his supremacy and obey the laws of his kingdom.
6. We should earnestly and constantly pray, 'Thy kingdom come.'

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Against whom do God's enemies rage and take counsel? Ans. Against the Lord, and against his Anointed.
2. How will the Lord show his displeasure? Ans. He shall speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure.
3. Whom has he established in Zion? Ans. He has set Christ his Son as King in Zion.
4. What has he promised to his Son, the King in Zion? Ans. Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.
5. What is said of those who receive him as their King? Ans. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

LESSON XIII.—JUNE 24, 1891.

REVIEW.—Gen. 32. Ex. 14.

Old Testament History

GOLDEN TEXT.

'The Lord's portion is his people.—Deut. 32:9.

HOME READINGS.

M. Gen. 32:1-30.—Lesson I.
T. Gen. 37:1-36.—Lessons II., III.
W. Gen. 41:1-48.—Lesson IV.
Th. Gen. 45:1-15; 50:14-26.—Lessons V., VI.
F. Ex. 1:1-14; 2:1-10; 3:1-20.—Lessons VII., VIII., IX.
S. Ex. 12:1-14; 14:19-29.—Lessons X., XI.
S. Prov. 23:29-35; Psalm 2:1-12.—Lesson XII.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

Superintendent.—What did Jacob say to the one who wrestled with him at Peniel?

School.—I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.

Supt.—What token of blessing did the Lord give him?

School.—He said, thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel; for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed.

Supt.—How did Joseph's brothers feel toward him?

School.—They hated him, and could not speak peaceably to him.

Supt.—What did they do with Joseph?

School.—They sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver; and they brought Joseph into Egypt.

Supt.—To what office did Pharaoh raise Joseph?

School.—He made him ruler over all the land of Egypt.

Supt.—For what purpose did Joseph's brothers go to Egypt?

School.—To buy corn in time of famine.

Supt.—What did Joseph say to his brothers when he had made himself known to them?

School.—God sent me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance.

Supt.—What did Joseph do for his father and brothers when they came into Egypt?

School.—He gave them a possession in the land of Egypt, in the land of Rameses.

Supt.—What great event did Joseph foretell before his death?

School.—Joseph said to his brethren, God will surely visit you, and bring you out of this land unto the land which he sware to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob.

Supt.—What happened in Egypt after the death of Joseph?

School.—There arose a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph.

Supt.—What did this new king say of the increase of the Israelites?

School.—Behold, the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we.

Supt.—How did the Egyptians try to stop this increase?

School.—They made their lives bitter with hard bondage.

Supt.—What cruel law was made for the same purpose?

School.—Pharaoh charged all his people, saying, Every son that is born ye shall cast into the river.

Supt.—What did the mother of Moses do to save him?

School.—She took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and put the child therein; and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink.

Supt.—By whom was it found?

School.—The daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river; and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it.

Supt.—What did Pharaoh's daughter do with the child?

School.—She nourished him for her own son, and Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. Acts 7:22.

Supt.—How did the Lord appear to Moses in Midian?

School.—In a flame of fire out of a bush.

Supt.—What did the Lord say to Moses?

School.—I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayst bring forth my people out of Egypt.

Supt.—What did Pharaoh reply when Moses delivered the Lord's message to him?

School.—I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go.

Supt.—When nine plagues failed to soften Pharaoh's heart, what did God threaten as the tenth?

School.—All the firstborn in the land of Egypt shall die.

Supt.—What were the Israelites directed to do that the Lord might spare their firstborn?

School.—Take of the blood, and strike it on the two side posts and on the upper door-post of the houses.

Supt.—How did the Israelites cross the Red Sea?

School.—The waters were divided, and the children of Israel went through the midst of the sea upon dry ground.

Supt.—What became of Pharaoh and his host?

School.—The Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea.

Supt.—What is the Golden Text of this Review Lesson?

School.—The Lord's portion is his people. Deut. 32:9.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE LAND OF PROHIBITION.

BY MRS. HARRISON LEE.

No broken windows or hanging doors,
No greasy walls or dirty floors,
But pretty homes and gardens gay,
Scent of sweet flowers miles away
In the Land of Prohibition.

No 'raggit weans,' no weary wives,
No women in fear for their wretched lives,
But merry maids and bonny boys,
And streets alive with gladsome noise
In the Land of Prohibition.

No aching hearts and dragging feet,
No unemployed in any street,
But bounding step and cheery song,
Work for the willing, brave and strong
In the Land of Prohibition.

No frowning jails or prisons drear,
No criminals in training here,
But far and wide our banner waves
O'er men who never shall be slaves—
In the Land of Prohibition.

No public debt to make men frown,
No breaking banks to crush them down
No empty coffers in the state,
For debts are small and income great
In the Land of Prohibition.

Dear, far-off country of my birth,
The grandest spot upon the earth,
Oh, may I live to see the day
When all the woe shall pass away,
And glorious, beautiful and free
Thou shalt arise victoriously—
The Land of Prohibition.

—*Union Signal.*

DUTY TO ONE'S SELF.

In a certain household located in northern New England, a house set among rugged hills and dimpling valleys, there lives a woman whom the angels write upon the roll of their saints. Her life is one of unremitting toil, hard, unrequited and unrecognized. The people around her, relatives by marriage, are incapable of appreciating the rare heroism of her life, the sweet beauty of her constant, uncomplaining devotion to her daily duty.

I do not think she has an ideal. She is too simple and straightforward and much too busy to think about how her conduct impresses others. She spends day after day, year after year, in caring for childhood and tending querulous old age, and through a weary and monotonous life, filled with drudgery, she keeps the sunny sweetness which distinguished her as a girl. It never occurs to her, either, that she is to be pitied or admired, or that she is doing anything extraordinary.

But her very self-abnegation is making her young daughters thoughtless of their mother's rights and claims. They are surprised when she occasionally expresses a wish for a change of scene or a new gown, or hints at being included in some projected party of pleasure. Her husband accepts her unremitting service as his due, and seldom puts himself out to show how much he thinks of it and of her. Indeed, it has become to him like the blessed commonplaces of the sky and earth and air, and he takes it in the same way, as a matter of course, and will never acknowledge what it is to him till one of these days it is gone. Even then it will not be evident to him that his wife died of devotion to him and his, a martyr to too great disregard of self, too unstinted outpouring for her family.

Dear sisters, there are some of you who need this reminder. God asks of you an account of one soul of His fashioning intrusted by Him to your care. For the talents He entrusted to you He will exact a full report at the end of the day. You have no excuse for squandering yourself, you precious wife, you beloved mother, you faithful daughter or sister. I know a woman growing thin and gray—a woman who toils strenuously in an exhausting profession, earning her salary in the literal wearing out of her strength—and twice in the last five years she bestowed every penny of her savings on a strong but indolent relative, a man who has never had force enough to take care of himself, but who does not scruple to take advantage of her weak unselfishness. Is she praiseworthy? Is she not rather responsible to a large degree for his pettiness and his disgraceful lack of manly chivalry?

Depend upon it, that each of us owes a plain duty to herself. This duty includes a proper care for our physical well-being, a taking whatever belongs to us, in consideration from others, in time and in leisure, and a recollection that we are God's children and as such entitled to our share of what God meant us to have. Too much of the altruistic spirit and attitude may rebound unfavorably, and harm rather than help the very persons it hoped to elevate and broaden.—*Mrs. M. E. Sangster, in Congregationalist.*

SPRING MEDICINES.

The custom, which is so prevalent at this time of year, of administering to one's self remedies which are particularly directed toward purifying the blood, has, besides its popularity, an excuse in rational hygiene.

It is to be expected, in other words, that the human system, like every intricate piece of mechanism, will in time become clogged with the results and accumulations of its own work. The friction of its several parts, and the wear and tear of constant usage, are productive of debris of various sorts, just as is the case with machinery of any kind; and men are excusable for believing that at least once a year they may with propriety seek to eliminate the refuse matter which has accumulated.

And so the sarsaparillas of various makes, especially where they are prescribed by the family physician, may be said to be worthy of their popularity and the confidence which is reposed in them.

It is doubtful, however, if the necessity for the use of 'spring medicines' is especially urgent with those who have continually, throughout the year, maintained a proper regard for the requirements of the body.

Among those who have the care of engines, or other machinery, it is considered a breach of duty to permit the accumulation of the most minute particles of rust or dirt of any sort. On the contrary, the greatest pride is taken in the shining appearance of the bearings and all the different exposed surfaces of the machine. How much more, then, ought we to be constantly solicitous that the human organism shall not be hindered by the accumulation of useless debris!

It is possible to do this safely and surely by attending day by day to the secretions of the body. The waste-matter of the body, as we all know, is got rid of by four great channels—the lungs, the intestines, the kidneys, and the skin.

By carefully watching the work of this branch of the human mechanism, insisting that each part shall faithfully perform its own peculiar work, we shall insure better results from the general system, besides lessening to a marked degree the necessity for any periodical or spasmodic attempts at purifying the blood.—*Youth's Companion.*

WHISK BROOM DISHCLOTHS.

'Nothing,' says a woman whose housewifely skill and experience are coupled with an authoritative knowledge of sanitation, 'makes a better dishcloth than no cloth at all, but a whisk broom. The practice of using any old rag, an old stocking cut open, which is a traditional country cloth, or any similar thing in sinks, is well known to be foolish. Bits wear off and become added clogs to the drain pipes. If cloths must be used, those of coarse mesh, loosely knitted from a tightly-woven cord, are the best of the kind. A broom, however, is very much better. Select a short one, and a trial will show its superiority. To scrape the bottom of sauce-pans and pots there is nothing so good. The wire cloth is not so cleanly; bits of food will get in its interstices and will not easily get out, but nothing clings long to a whisk. Hold it under the faucet for a moment after using, and it is quickly and thoroughly cleansed. Hanging over the sink in my kitchen are always two of these brooms; one kept for plates and pottery dishes, the other for metal ware. Silver and glass are not washed there, to begin with, and in any washing need no dishcloth.

'And, while on this subject, cheesecloth makes the most satisfactory of glass towel ing. Get the coarse sort that costs only five and six cents a yard, cut it in yard lengths, hem all round, and, once tried, they will never be missing from your pantry outfit.'—*New York Sun.*

CAUSES OF DIPHTHERIA.

Weather which is at once cold and wet favors the occurrence of diphtheria as of other throat disorders. In England diphtheria is most prevalent on the eastern coast of the island and in the mountains of Wales. The eastern coast is most subject to cold storms. 'Sore throats' are very common in both these districts.

While in this country the geographical distribution of diphtheria has perhaps not been studied so closely as in Great Britain, there is no doubt that like conditions effect like results.

In the hill country of Wales many of the houses are built on, or rather into, the hillsides, and so are constantly damp. Sore throats are the rule with the inhabitants of such dwellings; when diphtheria breaks out among them it spreads rapidly.

Diphtheria seems to attack with the most readiness throats that are already ailing. Indeed, some excellent authorities are of the opinion that it never develops upon healthy tonsils. The great importance of avoiding sore throats is evident.

In many of the larger English towns, where millions of pounds have been expended in improving the water supply and drainage, with a consequent great reduction in typhoid fever, diphtheria has steadily increased.

School-rooms, especially those in which children are crowded, are regarded by some high authorities as one of the principal means of spreading the infection of diphtheria. Cases are cited in which schools have been closed to prevent the spread of the disease, only to have it break out again on their being reopened.

There seems to be no doubt that children with acute attacks of sore throat should be excused from attending school, no matter what the nature of the attack may be.

Teachers, especially during the prevalence of diphtheria, are to be commended if, in the exercise of their authority, they excuse from school a pupil so affected, since the dreaded disease may be masked under an apparently trivial sore throat.

Cows, cats, and possibly other domestic animals, have been shown to suffer from diphtheria, though cases of infection from such sources are doubtless rare.—*The Companion.*

A SCRAP BOOK FOR THE CHILDREN.

To interest and entertain the little ones that come into your homes as guests and give peace and comfort to visitor and visited prepare a 'scrap book' of bright colored cambrics; turn down the edges like a hem and fasten securely. In this paste bright colored pictures or picture cards, of which there are now so many. Fasten the leaves together by a heavy cord laid through the middle of the book, brought over and tied upon the back. This can be used to hang the book up by when not in use. Bound in this manner leaves can be removed at any time when soiled, or new ones added at pleasure. Such a book is a never failing source of delight to the little ones of the home as well as to those of your friends.—*The Voice.*

TO CLEAN GLASSWARE.

Glassware is generally fragile, and great care is required in washing it. This work should be done by itself apart from the other dishes. In following these rules set down below do not allow the glasses to drain too long.

All the glassware should first be gathered together, their contents emptied, and any which contained milk be left to soak in cold water for a few minutes, otherwise they would be apt to have a cloudy appearance.

They should be washed in a pan or wooden bowl containing moderately hot water, to which has been added a few drops of ammonia. The ammonia will not only soften the water, but will give the glass a fine polish.

The washing should be performed with an old table napkin or a soft cloth of any kind, and as each piece of glass is washed it should be rinsed in another pan containing clean water, after which it should be placed downwards upon the table, which has laid upon it some old towels, folded two or three times, and allowed to drain.

When all have been well washed and drained, wipe dry with a fine glass towel, kept especially for this purpose. If a more brilliant polish is desired, a chamois skin could be rubbed over them, and it is said that newspapers are excellent for the same purpose.

Soap should not be used if possible to do without, as it is a very difficult matter to remove the streaky appearance which it causes.—*Companion.*

THE OTHER SIDE.

I want to say a few words concerning the duties of a servant. If a mistress supplies her servant with good food and lodging and treats her kindly the latter is no less bound to discharge all her duties to the best of her ability. She ought to consider the interests of her mistress as her own for the time being, and to use everything as carefully and frugally as if it were to be paid for out of her own pocket. If the place be a comfortable one, a servant cannot consult her own interests better than in studying those of her mistress. The waste and extravagance of servants, not to mention their dishonesty, have caused many people to put themselves to any inconvenience rather than support a burden they feel so heavy. Were the article better the demand would be increased. Domestic servants would be really respected and their labor liberally remunerated.

I would also caution servants against nourishing a discontented spirit. If a place be not exactly to her taste, a servant should not be in haste to change. Wherever she may be placed she will be sure to meet with something that will annoy her. 'A rolling stone gathers no moss.' When a servant changes her place frequently, people are apt to conclude that she is fickle minded and incompetent.—*Prairie Farmer.*

QUIETNESS.

A sick room that needs cleaning can be made fresh and sweet without sweeping and without dust by wiping everything in it with a cloth wrung out of warm water in which there are a few drops of ammonia. The rugs and draperies, though there should not be any in the room, the doctors tell us, may be put upon the line for a thorough airing, and wiped in the same way. The feather duster, which should be banished because it does no real good anywhere except to stir up and redistribute the dust, is especially out of place in the sick room, where there may be, and doubtless are, germs of disease in the innocent looking dust. If a patient is in a nervous state, a screen may be placed in front of the bed while the freshening goes on. If the room can only be heated by a stove, the noise of putting in coal can be deadened by wrapping the coal in a paper before putting on the fire.

PROF. SIMPSON, of Edinburgh, at the session of the meeting of the British Medical Association, relating what he knew from observation and experience, said: Two patients came into a fever ward, and the physician said of one, 'Oh, he's sure to pull through,' and at the bedside of the other he shook his head. Why? Because the first had no taint of alcohol in his system, and in the second the fever was helped by the alcohol-saturated tissues.

SELECTED RECIPES.

CORN DODGER—Scald the meal; to one cup of meal, three-quarters of a cup of boiling water. Add salt and sugar, and a little less than three-quarters of a cup of cold milk. After browning on a griddle like pancakes, set them in a roasting pan and bake an hour in the oven.

AN ARGUMENT FOR VEGETARIANS.—Vegetarians find an argument in their favor in the deplorable result of excessive meat eating in the ill temper produced, which they say is chronic in England. In less meat-eating France urbanity is the rule, while in fish and rice-eating Japan harsh words are never heard.

LEMON SPONGE.—To make a lemon sponge to fill a quart mould, dissolve 2 oz. of isinglass in a pint and three-quarters of water. Strain, and add ¾ lb., of sifted loaf sugar, the juice of 6 lemons, and the rind of one. Boil the whole for a few minutes, strain it again, and let it stand until quite cold, when it will begin to stiffen, then beat the whites of 2 eggs, add them, and whisk the whole till it is quite white. Put it into a mould, which must be first wetted with cold water, or rubbed over with salad oil; in the latter case the sponge must not be poured into the mould until it is quite cool, or the oil will float on the top. When turned out the oil must be wiped from the surface with a clean cloth.

SOAP-BUBBLES,

AND THE FORCES WHICH MOULD THEM.

By C. V. Boys, A.R.S.M., F.R.S. of the Royal College of Science.

(Continued.)

There is only one thing needed to make the demonstration of the behavior of a musical jet complete, and that is, that you should yourselves see these drops in their different positions in an actual fountain of water. Now if I were to produce a powerful electric spark, then it is true that some of you might for an instant catch sight of the drops, but I do not think that most would see anything at all. But if, instead of making merely one flash, I were to make another when each drop had just travelled to the position which the one in front of it *occupied before, and then another when* each drop had moved on one place again, and so on, then all the drops, at the moments that the flashes of light fell upon them, would occupy the same positions, and thus all these drops would appear fixed in the air, though of course they really are travelling fast enough. If, however, I do not quite succeed in keeping exact time with my flashes of light, then a curious appearance will be produced. Suppose, for instance, that the flashes of light follow one another rather too quickly, then each drop will *not have had quite time enough* to get to its proper place at each flash, and thus at the second flash all the drops will be seen in positions which are just behind those which they occupied at the first flash, and in the same way at the third flash they will be seen still further behind their former places, and so on, and therefore they will appear to be moving slowly backwards; whereas if my flashes do not follow quite quickly enough, then the drops will, every time that there is a flash, have travelled just a little too far, and so they will all appear to be moving slowly forwards. Now let us try the experiment. There is the electric lantern sending a powerful beam of light on to the screen. This I bring to a focus with a lens, and then let it pass through a small hole in a piece of card. The light then spreads out and falls upon the screen. The fountain of water is between the card and the screen, and so a shadow is cast which is conspicuous enough. Now I place just behind the card a little electric motor, which will make a disc of card which has six holes near the edge spin round very fast. The holes come one after the other opposite the hole in the fixed card, and so at every turn six flashes of light are produced. When the card is turning about 21½ times a second, then the flashes will follow one another at the high rate. I have now started the motor, and after a moment or two I shall have obtained the right speed, and this I know by blowing through the holes, when a musical note will be produced, higher than the fork if the speed is too high, and lower than the fork if the speed is too low, and exactly the same as the fork if it is right.

To make it still more evident when the speed is exactly right, I have placed the tuning-fork also between the light and the

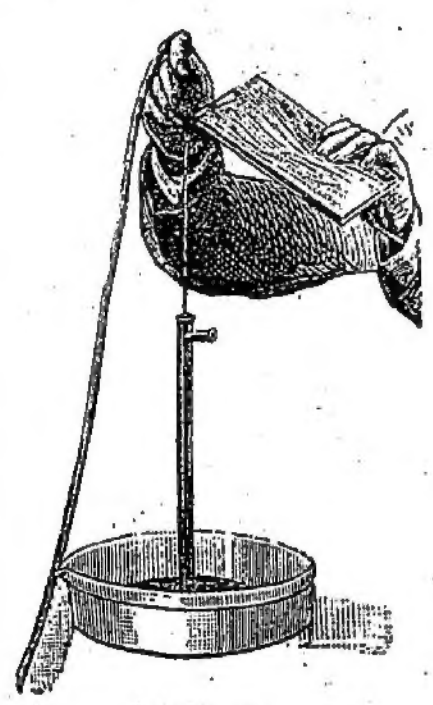


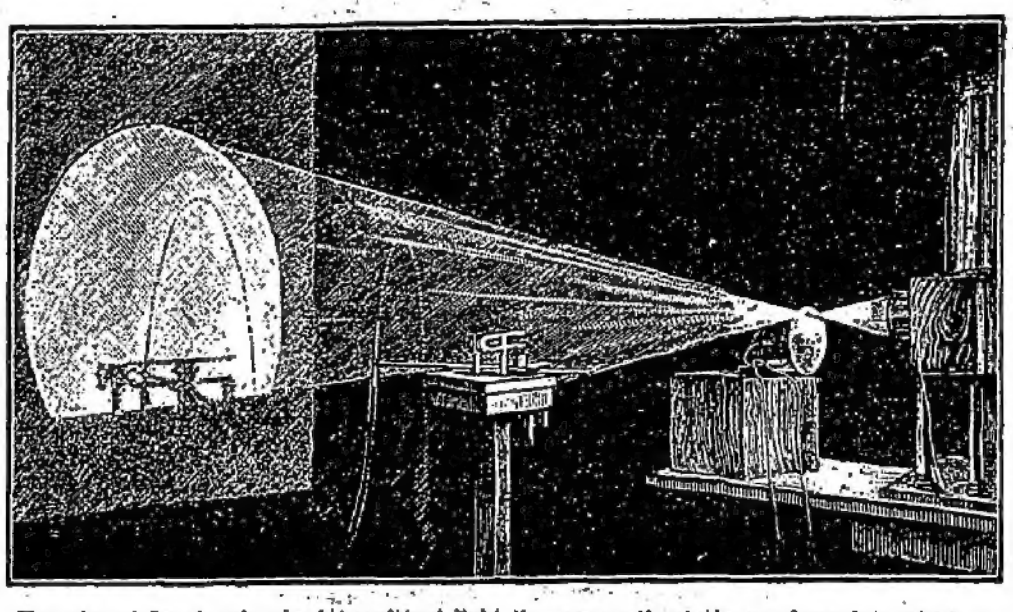
Fig. 47.

screen, so that you may see it illuminated, and its shadow upon the screen. I have not yet allowed the water to flow, but I want you to look at the fork. For a moment I have stopped the motor, so that the light may be steady, and you can see that the fork is in motion because its legs appear blurred at the ends, where of course the motion is most rapid. Now the motor is started, and almost at once the fork appears quite different. It now looks like a piece of india-rubber, slowly opening and shutting, and now it appears quite still, but the noise it is making shows that it is not still by any means. The legs of the fork are vibrating, but the light only falls upon them at regular intervals, which correspond with their movement, and so, as I explained in the case of the water-drops, the fork appears perfectly still. Now the speed is slightly altered, and, as I have explained, each new flash of light, coming just too soon or just too late, shows the fork in a position which is just before or just behind that made visible by the previous flash. You thus see the fork slowly going through its evolutions, though of course in reality the legs are moving backwards and forwards 128 times a second. By looking at the fork or its shadow, you will therefore be able to tell whether the light is keeping exact time with the vibrations, and therefore with the water-drops.

Now the water is running, and you see all the separate drops apparently stationary, strung like pearls or beads of silver upon an invisible wire. If I make the card turn ever so little more slowly, then all the drops will appear to slowly march onwards, and what is so beautiful,—but I am afraid few will see this,—each little drop may be seen to gradually break off, pulling out a waist which becomes a little drop, and then when the main drop is free it slowly oscillates, becoming wide and long, or turning over and over, as it goes on its way. If it so happens that a double or multiple jet is being produced, then you can see the little drops moving up to one another, squeezing each other where they meet and bouncing away again. Now the card is turning a little too fast and the drops appear to be moving backwards, so that it seems as if the water is coming up out of the tank on the floor, quietly going over my head, down into the nozzle, and so back to the water-supply of the place. Of course this is not happening at all, as you know very well, and as you will see if I simply try and place my finger between two of these drops. The splashing of the water in all directions shows that it is not moving quite so quietly as it appears. There is one more thing that I would mention about this experiment. Every time that the flashing light gains or loses one complete flash, upon the motion of the tuning-fork, it will appear to make one complete oscillation, and the water-drops will appear to move back or on one place.

I must now come to one of the most beautiful applications of these musical jets to practical purposes which it is possible to imagine, and what I shall now show are a few out of a great number of the experiments of Mr. Chichester Bell, cousin of Mr. Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone.

To begin with, I have a very small jet of water forced through the nozzle at a great pressure, as you can see if I point it towards the ceiling, as the water rises eight or ten feet. If I allow this stream of water to fall upon an india-rubber sheet, stretched over the end of a tube as big as my little finger, then the little sheet will be depressed by the water, and the more so if the stream is strong. Now if I hold the jet close to the sheet the smooth column of liquid will press the sheet steadily, and it will remain quiet; but if I gradually take the jet further away from the sheet, then any waists that may have been formed in the liquid column, which grow as they travel, will make their existence perfectly evident. When a wide part of the column strikes the sheet it will be depressed rather more than usual, and when a narrow part follows, the depression will be less. In other words, any very slight vibration imparted to the jet will be magnified by the growth of waists, and the sheet of india-rubber will reproduce the vibration, but on a magnified scale. Now if you remember that sound consists of vibrations, then you will understand that a jet is a machine for magnifying sound. To show that this is the case I am now directing the jet on to the sheet, and you can hear nothing; but I shall hold a piece of wood against the nozzle, and now, if on the whole the jet tends to break up at any one rate rather than at any other, or if the wood or the sheet of rubber will vibrate at any rate most easily, then the first few vibrations which correspond to this rate will be imparted to the wood, which will impress them upon the nozzle and so upon the cylinder of liquid, where they will become magnified; the result is that the jet immediately begins to sing of its own accord, giving out a loud note (Fig. 47).



Experiment for showing by intermittent light the apparently stationary drops into which a fountain is broken up by the action of a musical sound.

I will now remove the piece of wood. On placing against the nozzle an ordinary lever watch, the jolt which is imparted to the case at every tick, though it is so small that you cannot detect it, jolts the nozzle also, and thus causes a neck to form in the jet of water which will grow as it travels, and so produce a loud tick, audible in every part of this large room Fig. (48). Now I want you to notice how the vibration is magnified by the action I have described. I now hold the nozzle close to the rubber sheet, and you can hear nothing. As I gradually raise it a faint echo is produced, which gradually gets louder and louder, until at last it is more like a hammer striking an anvil than the tick of a watch.

I shall now change this watch for another which, thanks to a friend, I am able to use. This watch is a repeater, that is, if you press upon a nob it will strike, first the hour, then the quarters, and then the minutes. I think the water-jet will enable you all to hear what time it is. Listen! one, two, three, four, five, six. Six minutes after half-past four. You notice that not only did you hear the number of strokes, but the jet faithfully reproduced the musical notes, so that you could distingnish one note from another.

I can in the same way make the jet play a tune by simply making the nozzle rest against a long stick, which is pressed upon a musical-box. The musical-box is carefully shut up in a double box of thick felt, and you can hardly hear anything; but the moment that the nozzle is made to rest against the stick and the water is directed upon the india-rubber sheet, the sound of the box is loudly heard, I hope, in every part of the room. It is usual to describe a fountain as playing, but it is now evident that a fountain can even play a tune.

(To be Continued.)

A POLICEMAN'S DREAM.

A policeman in Tokio named Inahara had been a member of the Ushigome church for about ten years. Like many in this and other lands, he seemed to regard his

Fig. 48.

public profession of Christianity and membership of the church as a sure title of admission to the blessing of God's eternal kingdom; and there was no special endeavor on his part to secure the enjoyment which comes from close fellowship with Christ, or to bring others to a knowlekge of his salvation.

This man was one night sleeping at the police quarters, when he dreamed that it was Sunday morning, and a friend came to invite him to go to church. He was not at all anxious to go, and replied that there was now an opportunity for him to capture a very celebrated thief, and if he was successful he would probably get some reward, and perhaps be promoted.

Going to the house where the thief was concealed he succeeded in his arrest, and was leading him away, when there suddenly gathered around them a whole band of thieves who had come to the rescue of their chief. With fierce looks and waving swords they told him that he must prepare at once to die. He gave up all hope of life, but said, 'I cannot die just yet, as I am a Christian, and having been unfaithful heretofore I must first tell my family and friends about Christ and his salvation.' The angry crowd replied: 'We will give you a sufficient time for that purpose, but you must be quick about it.'

Immediately his family and friends were assembled about him, and he began with all his power of persuasion to tell them of the only way of escape from the wrath to come. To his astonishment, and as by magic, the whole band dropped their swords and listened with the most rapt attention. So impressed was he with the importance of the occasion and the message he had to tell that he poured forth his thoughts with rapid utterance, and in an effort to speak with still greater effect he strove so hard that he suddenly awoke.

A companion who was sleeping by his side asked why he had cried out in that peculiar manner, as it was just such a cry as a comrade uttered when he fell from a mortal wound received in battle.

This peculiar and vivid dream so wrought upon his mind that he could not rest. He felt that it was his duty from that time forth to preach the Gospel to his kindred and nation, and he must do it, come what would. Just then he saw an account of the Rev. Mr. Thompson having prepared a tent which he could move about, and in which he proposed to hold daily services. He went at once to Mr. Thompson and asked if he could have the privilege of drawing the cart in which the tent was carried, and also assisting in the services.

Mr. Thompson consented to this arrangement, and he immediately resigned his place and gave up a better salary to begin this laborious and humiliating work. His great desire was to learn how and what to preach in order to save men.

Since that time he has gone out regularly, dragging the cart through storm and heat, and Mr. Thompson reports him to be faithful and useful in all his work. Whenever he speaks to the people he is better able to hold their attention and interest them in his subject than many who have had years of training and long experience in the work.—*The Christian.*

THE YOUNGER MURPHY.

When in October a Southern girl chanced to visit a Connecticut city, writes Arthur Reed Kimball in *Harper's*, and was surprised to see blue ribbons and buttons on so many

MRS. MURPHY.

street passers, she asked, in her innocence, 'if the football season opened earlier than usual this year.' Her only explanation of the universality of the blue was that one of the 'big games' was about to come off, and everybody was sporting the Yale colors. She was not aware that the temperance campaign of the younger Murphy—Thomas Edward, known wherever he appears as 'Ned,' son of Francis Murphy, the veteran temperance worker—had so dominated many parts of Connecticut that its badge of blue visibly divides the allegiance claimed exclusively by Yale.

The story of 'Ned' Murphy's campaign in Connecticut, now about a year old, can be told briefly so far as mere figures can tell it. The total number of pledge-signers is about 80,000. This army of blue-ribbon wearers is thus distributed among the principal cities of the State: New Haven, 12,000; Hartford, 15,000; Waterbury, 10,000; Meriden, 6,000; New Britain, 5,000; Willimantic, 2,500; Middletown, 3,000; Winsted, 1,500. The remaining thousands are distributed among the smaller towns, especially manufacturing places, which have been visited *en route*, sometimes only for a single night. While it is no doubt true that a very large percentage of these blue-ribbon wearers are women, children and men, who were, in the real sense of an abused word, 'moderate drinkers,' it is also true that a very great number of them were incipient drunkards, and working-men who drank to excess, wasting the money needed for the support of their families. The persistence of the Murphy sentiment after Murphy has gone is attested by the fact that New Britain, a city of over 20,000, South Manchester, where are the big Cheney silk-mills, and East Hartford, all voted 'no license' at the recent election, largely owing to the indirect influence of his work.

The word 'indirect' is used advisedly. It is one of the wonders of the Murphy campaign that it raises no 'issues' and avoids antagonisms. It can be monopolized by no party or sect. Its platform is broad enough for Catholic and Protestant, priest and minister, to stand on it side by side. It permits no denunciation of the 'moderate drinker'—though he may at times be strongly urged with—and forbids abuse even of the saloon-keeper. The clergyman and business man who do not see their way clear to wearing the blue ribbon themselves are yet invited to express their approval of the movement from Murphy's platform, to wish it God-speed—in short, 'to preach total abstinence to the other fellow,' as one such business man wittily put it; and he ended, as might be guessed, in wearing the blue ribbon himself. The Murphy movement is a revelation of toleration, viewed in the light of the usual temperance agitation. Its broad spirit finds fitting expression in its pledge, which reads:

MURPHY PLEDGE.

'With Malice toward None, with Charity for All.' I, the undersigned, do Pledge my Word and Honor, God helping Me, to Abstain from all Intoxicating Liquors as a Beverage, and that I will, by all honorable means, encourage others to Abstain.

If the Murphy movement is in striking contrast with the ordinary narrow and somewhat bigoted total-abstinence movement, much more is Murphy himself in striking contrast to the typical temperance orator. As he steps out on the platform of one of his great gatherings—where the doors have, no doubt, been closed a half-hour or more before, as even the standing-room is gone—and raises his hand to still the tumultuous greeting which interrupts some preliminary song or solo, one who sees him for the first time involuntarily exclaims, 'What a fine-looking, well-dressed, genial man!' Of about the average height, of good figure, of good features, a blond who has all a blond's attractive freshness of complexion, with wavy hair and a heavy mustache, the chief charm of all lies in his winsome smile, whose whole-souled good-fellowship and open frankness are as contagious as sunshine. No heart can escape its inspiration of hope and help. Then what a 'well-groomed' man he is! From the fit of his bell-skirted Prince Albert coat and creased trousers to the nicety with which his cravat is tied, every detail is perfect.

His method, if method it can be called when everything seems to go of itself without aim or machinery, is as unusual as the man. All centres in him. Business men—whom Murphy is very successful in enlisting in the cause—and clergymen are called up in some off-hand, unconventional way for a 'few remarks'—a way that recalls the Salvation Army. While each speaks, Murphy sits close behind, his face reflecting every sentiment, and his voice punctuating the remarks with all sorts of comments, the audience actually seeing and hearing as Murphy interprets. When Murphy's own turn comes there is no attempt at an address. It is simply a talk, as colloquial as if it were delivered in a drawing-room before a select party of friends, now humorous, now pathetic, now intensely dramatic, moving this way and that as any chance incident may suggest, filled with stories, but absolutely free from coarseness, and stopping almost abruptly before any one is prepared for the end. The burden of it all is the glory of self-controlled manhood, the happiness of the home redeemed from the drink curse, the common-sense of being on the safe side.

There is nothing new in all this. It is as old as the temperance cause. And yet thousands will crowd a great hall for thirty or more consecutive nights to listen to its repetition. It is the 'magnetism' of the man's own personality, his dominating optimism, the contagious geniality of his gospel of good cheer, which puts courage into the heart of the most despondent, and sends all out nerved for new effort.

Then the charm of Murphy's complete informality grows constantly. He treats his audience as one big family, and enters upon all sorts of personal details. His favorite climax, 'Isn't that so, Maggie?' at first grates unpleasantly, especially when one looks at Mrs. Murphy, a quiet, attractive, well-dressed, well-bred little woman. But soon one comes to take it as the most natural thing in the world, and appreciates how without that familiarity the whole effect might be missed. And, indeed, Mrs. Murphy is herself a great factor in her husband's success. She 'keeps tab' on all his stories, arranges a hundred details for him, and by a warning or encouraging glance restrains or directs him when he is seemingly most at the mercy of the spontaneous movings of his own spirit. Coming from a home of wealth and refinement in Pittsburg, the daughter of Captain Vandegrift, of the United Pipe Lines Company, Mrs. Murphy shows a devotion to her husband and to the cause which has in it a touch of romance, and which draws many hearts to her. It seems impossible to imagine Murphy or the Murphy movement without her quiet, effective, gracious aid.

It is now some ten years since 'Ned' Murphy began his unique career. While acting as his father's secretary during a temperance campaign in England—then a mere boy of something over twenty—the father was called suddenly away, leaving him to do the work alone. His whole stock in trade was one set speech already delivered. There was nothing for him to do but to throw away speechifying and to 'get up and talk.' He found that he could 'talk,' and with a few intervals devoted to private business, he has been 'talking' on temperance ever since.

THOMAS EDWARD MURPHY.

TO LOVE IS BEST.

I can conceive no dying hour more awful than that of one who has aspired to know instead of to love, and finds himself at last amid a world of barren facts and lifeless theories, loving none and adoring nothing. *F. W. Robertson.*

A BAKER'S DOZEN.

THIRTEEN THINGS A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TEMPERANCE COMMITTEE COULD DO.

By Frances E. Willard.

1. It could make special efforts to place temperance books in the Sunday-school and public libraries, and temperance papers in the reading-rooms. The W.C.T.U. will give all the help it can in this direction, both in respect to information and the raising of money.

2. It could ask the pastor to preach on the temperance question certainly twice a year. If he is a live man he will bring it into almost every sermon, but by this special announcement there would be opportunity offered for union meetings in villages, and the announcement would bring audiences different from those usually convened.

3. It could agree to speak on the temperance question in the church and prayer meeting, and to induce older people to do the same.

4. It could procure a temperance roll of honor for the Sunday school, and have it hung on the wall, to be taken down and circulated for new signatures on the temperance Sundays of the year.

5. It could make special effort to see that the temperance Sunday-school lesson is well studied and attractively taught.

6. It could, in some communities, place before the people in a leaflet the legal status of the saloon in that locality. A large proportion of good people do not even know with what weapons the law has provided them.

7. It could appoint a committee to visit the public schools, and see if the scientific temperance instruction law is being enforced by the proper authorities. This law varies in different states, and the members of the committee would need to be informed of the provisions in their own state.

8. It might take account of the families in which drunkenness has extinguished the light of the home, and could use wise and well-considered means of influencing those who caused this wretchedness. Temperance literature sent from the post-office has many a time brought the arrest of thought to a moderate drinker, a fashionable lady, a liquor-prescribing physician, a half-hearted pastor, a callous voter. The postal mission would be a mighty power in the hands of intelligent, learned and devoted young people.

9. It could form a Loyal Temperance Legion among the young people, either as a union society or in each church, and sing our lovely crusade songs from Miss Anna Gordon's books, which have not their equals among books of the kind. She has four, of which 'No. 1 Crusade Songs' and 'Songs for Young People' are perhaps the best. We have a system of interesting and helpful instruction for children and young people of all grades, which has been wrought out from years of study, and will help any teacher.

10. It could meet to study the many-sided temperance question, that it might become intelligent in speaking both in public and private, and in writing concerning the greatest reforms. A study of the laws of health, including their relation to food, dress, cleanliness, ventilation, and the entire physical conduct of life, and the relation of all these to the temperance reform, would be a most valuable and delightful pursuit.

11. It could influence the members by sending the choicest bits sorted out from temperance journals, leaflets, and books by sub-committees appointed for that purpose,—these to put under the eyes of the great, passive majority the efforts and motives that have already converted so many to the temperance reform.

12. It could circulate the leaflets prepared by leading ministers, showing the harm of using alcoholic wines at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

13. It could introduce temperance songs and literature and a booth for temperance drinks at fairs, receptions, bazaars, and other gatherings of the sort in the church and out. These are a few preliminary methods by which an earnest temperance committee of the Christian Endeavor army could help to roll the white ribbon corps of temperance along the track of progress.

We know these things; happy are we if we do them.—*Golden Rule.*

MASTER BARTLEMY OR THE THANKFUL HEART.

By Frances E. Crompton, Author of 'Friday's Child.'

I.

IT WAS Miss Nancy's birthday. She was ten years old, and she had had a visitor of her own. And at Miss Nancy's age to have a birthday is greatness; but to have a particular and personal visitor, real and grown up (not to say elderly), this is preferable to calling the king one's uncle. She had had birthday presents, but this may happen to anyone, and had occurred before to Miss Nancy herself.

There was the Shetland pony from the squire, though to be sure this had been promised so long that it did not seem to have much real connection with the birthday, especially as you could not have it with you in the house; and there was the prayer-book from Aunt Norreys, with a red back and a silver clasp. Miss Nancy gratefully acknowledged that everybody had been very kind to her, from Mrs. Plummett, who had made the birthday cake with her own hands, down to poor Bettie the under housemaid, who had presented a humble offering in the shape of a purple silk pin-cushion, stuffed with bran to an inconceivable extent of tightness, and bearing in pin-heads the straggling device 'My Lov,' which trifling error Miss Nancy, a delicate little person, both by nature and upbringing, would have blushed to observe, and the legend remained as unaltered as poor Betty's love itself.

Even Trimmer, the stern, had given Miss Nancy a white and gold china poodle; and although the white and gold poodle may be an uncommon animal in real life, he looked charming in china, sitting tastefully on a ground of blue, which is well known to be the color of true affection. Miss Nancy had, with the friendly aid of a chair, set him up on the tall chimney-piece, from which elevation he stared fixedly and unmeaningly down upon her; and looking up at him in return, and thinking with remorse of all the pinafores she had torn, and all the shoes she had dirtied, and all the extra washings and brushings she had inconveniently required at irregular hours, Miss Nancy felt Trimmer's high-minded forgiveness to be more moving than language would fittingly express.

Arminel Anne Throgmorton was her name,—her Sunday name, as she was accustomed to think, having but rarely any other use for it than in the catechism of Sunday afternoon Nancy was the name of dear daddy's giving and the name of every day, and Miss Throgmorton was commonly only Miss Nancy. She had, perhaps, at times wished that she had been endowed with a more ornamental and fashionable name; but as one grandmother had been Anne Norreys, and the other had been Arminel Throgmorton, Miss Nancy quite saw that it could not have been avoided.

She had had a holiday in honor of her birthday, and Trimmer had even gone to the length of saying that she was going down to the village for an hour, and Miss Nancy might get out all her toys and take up the whole of the table if she liked. Not that Miss Nancy, though an only child, had any unmanageable number of toys; for she did not live in this present degenerate day of profusion in children's amusements, and the playthings grown old in the service of two or three generations were considered an ample provision for any one. The very best doll in all the collection was only a venerable and dangling lady, with a pink kid body, and a painted face, as ugly as might well be. Miss Nancy certainly valued her toys as toys used to be valued; but they did not lie very near her heart. A game with them generally took the rather forlorn form of laying them out in a solemn row, sitting by them till tea-time, and then silently replacing them in the cupboard. And even the pink kid lady, in her best yellow satin slip and real morocco shoes, had failed to satisfy Miss Nancy's soul to-day

She knelt on the floor by the window-seat, so that she could rest her arms on the seat, and her chin on her hands, and look out at the prospect, which from this point of view did not embrace more than the upper branches of the great elm-trees, with the rooks swinging in their nodding tops in a high spring wind, for Miss Nancy's birthday fell early in the year. It was not an extensive prospect without, but it was more interesting to her than the one within,—the panelled walls and floor painted brown, the tiled fireplace and brass irons, the spindle-legged table with round leaves, the wooden-seated chairs, the cupboard where Miss Nancy's small possessions were kept, the dignified and indifferent gray cat on the hearth, and the tall, polished clock with the brass face, and brass balls at the corners, and the fingers that moved round in jerks, and works that groaned and wheezed for very age.

But now Miss Nancy had a visitor. To begin with, there was a knock at the door, and a man's footstep.

'You may come in, Bailey. It is only me,' said Miss Nancy, well meaningly, however ungrammatically. The door opened, but Bailey seemed to stand still in a very unnatural manner, and Miss Nancy looked over her shoulder, to see no Bailey, but a living gentleman, rather an old gentleman, and quite a strange one. Miss Nancy scrambled to her feet with what would have been alarm if the old gentleman's appearance had not disarmed suspicion. He was smiling very cheerfully, and holding out his hand to her.

'I am quite well, thank you,' said Miss Nancy at random, being for the moment thrown into some confusion.

'I am rejoiced to hear it,' said the old gentleman. 'You do not know me, do you? But I am the new rector.'

'Trimmer is out,' said Miss Nancy, doubtfully. 'She has gone to the village And Aunt Norreys has gone to St. Edmund's. And I do not know where daddy is.'

'I have been walking with him,' said the rector, 'and now I have come to see you.'

'Me?'

'Yes, I have come to see you,' repeated the rector, with a gravity that Miss Nancy could not but consider flattering

'Because of my birthday?' she said, feeling that at ten one begins to grow up.

'You see,' said the rector, waiving the point, 'I knew the squire many years ago, and now I should like to know his little daughter too.'

Miss Nancy politely assented. She scarcely knew exactly what you ought to do when you have a visitor of your own, but, guided by a general strong sense of manners, she dragged one of the hardest and slimmest of chairs by its forelegs from the wall, and invited the rector to sit down, which he did, bowing his thanks, and drawing one out for her,—by the back, as more convenient to him than the low level of the legs. Miss Nancy infinitely preferred kneeling on the floor, with her arms on the seat; but this was, of course, not to be contemplated on such an occasion as the present, which demanded all the deportment of which a person was capable; and having smoothed down her pinafore, she sat upright with one toe on the floor, and the other dangling at some distance from it, waiting, in obedience to an ancient maxim which bade her speak when she was spoken to. She liked looking at the rector. He was what she called an old gentleman, for on the shadowy side of sixty one can no longer hope to be called anything but elderly; his hair was quite white, and he scorned to disguise that it had grown thin at the top years ago. He wore it longer than would now be strictly fashionable; it hung on each side of his face in fleecy locks,—like the apostles in the painted windows in church, thought Miss Nancy. The rector's coat was in perfect harmony with his person, being old also, and far too long and ample in the skirt to have any pretensions to the mode. Miss Nancy liked him, nevertheless. He smiled at her, and he had a very pleasant smile.

'And what is your name, my little maid?' he asked.

'Arminel Anne Throgmorton,' said Miss Nancy. 'But daddy says Nancy.'

'SHE SAT UPRIGHT WITH ONE TOE ON THE FLOOR.

'I thought it might have been something else,' said the rector. 'I thought it might have been —Margaret.'

'Oh, no!' said Miss Nancy, earnestly.

'Daddy would not like that. Once I said I liked Margaret better than Nancy, and he said "Yes, but there was only one Margaret." For that had been the name of Miss Nancy's mother, and she was dead

'Ah!' said the rector.

'Ah, to be sure.

'But I like Nancy better than Arminel. Because when Aunt Norreys says Arminel, generally I have been naughty,' admitted Miss Nancy, with regret. 'I do not like Throgmorton very much. You cannot think what a hard word it is to write I used to think it was a very hard word to spell. I suppose you know how to spell it?'

'Yes,' replied the rector 'I used to write it long years ago, when I know your father.'

'And did you know him rather well?

'I knew him very well—only, you see, we have not met for many, many years. And now he has asked me to come and live here.'

'And shall you live here always?

'I trust I shall, my little maid. I trust that you and I may be friends as long as we live. How old are you to-day?'

'I am ten,' replied Miss Nancy, with a ladylike endeavor not to show pride on that account.

'And I am more than six times ten. Do you think I shall be too old for you?

'Oh, *no!* For if you are *not too old* for me, and I am not too little for you, we shall meet in the middle,' said Miss Nancy, with much politeness, if with some obscurity. 'There is not any one of great friends but daddy, and Aunt Norreys, and Trimmer, and a few of smaller ones.'

'Then let us shake hands upon it,' said the rector. Which Miss Nancy and he proceeded to do with mutual satisfaction, and the visit went on in the greatest harmony. Indeed, Miss Nancy was by this time beginning to entertain distinct hopes of the rector remaining to take tea with her, when she would be enabled to serve him with slices innumerable from Mrs. Plummett's birthday cake, and many, many cups of tea—in Miss Nancy's eyes the patent of honorable years; and this she thought would be a birthday feast indeed.

But, unfortunately just at the moment when in fancy she was liberally assisting the delighted rector to cake, for the fifth time he rose to go.

'Must you really and truly?' said Miss Nancy, seeing the designed banquet melting away into thin air.

'Yes, I must go,' said the rector. 'My little maid, before I say good-by, let me offer you all I have to give.' He was holding out his hand, and Miss Nancy thought it was to take hers; but he laid it on her head.

'God bless you, my little maid!' he said.

'And now,' said the rector, at the door, 'I have come to see you, and so you must come to see me.'

'In fair turns,' said Miss Nancy, nodding her head.

'Exactly,' said the rector, and bowed his farewell.

'Good-by,' said Miss Nancy, endeavoring to execute as perfect a courtesy as Aunt Norreys,—a sweet but delusive hope, to set a plain frock and pinafore against a full skirt of pearl-gray satin. And then the rector went, and Miss Nancy took him to the head of the stairs, returning to put the chairs in their places, with the feeling that after this anything might be expected to happen, and it would be as well to be prepared for it. The pink kid lady was also restored to the cupboard, for if she had been a little insufficient before, she had now become quite impossible.

'I have been having a visitor,' announced Miss Nancy, with quiet and settled satisfaction when Trimmer came in. 'He came to see me. Only me.'

'Who was it?' demanded Trimmer, with cruel unbelief.

'He said he was the new rector, and I like him very much,' said Miss Nancy. 'He came to see me. Only me. And he said I must go and see him next, and I shall soon go.'

But Trimmer, standing with her head in the cupboard, did not receive the full force of Miss Nancy's last observation.

(To be Continued.)

BLINDNESS CAUSED BY SMOKING.

Mr. George Crickett, the great London authority on the diseases of the eye, says: That he is constantly consulted by gentlemen for commencing blindness, caused solely by great smoking. He accordingly condemns smoking in most unqualified terms, as most dangerous to human health. —*Journal of Hygiene.*

WORK PAYS.

What if the lesson be hard to learn!
The greatest tasks are not done in a day,
And always the prize that work must earn
Surpasses the prize that is won by play.

THEIR FATHER'S HELP.

Jack Leslie went down into the world to destroy the demons of Dirt and Drink and Disease and Despair. He was—without being distinctly religious—a very excellent young man, filled with a burning desire to help his fellow-creatures, and with an enthusiastic admiration for Humanity (spelt with a capital H); and he intended to do great things with the handsome fortune which he had inherited from his father. But somehow it is far easier to dream of noble things than to do them—and so Jack Leslie discovered. He had started a coffee-house in Grimstead (the manufacturing town where his father had made his money), and a working-men's club, and a school of art, which he designed as 'opposition shops' to the public-houses wherewith the grimy little town was too fully furnished. But things had not turned out as Jack expected. True, the coffee-house and the working-men's club and the school of art were well attended; but those who frequented them belonged to that better class of British citizens to whom the public-house offers no attractions, and the beer-shops and the gin-palaces were as crowded, and the midnight streets as noisy as they had been before Jack Leslie came down into the world with his fine schemes for the advancement of Humanity Leslie had a theory that it was a great mistake, as he said, to 'drag religion into everything.' Let people do right for right's sake and for their own good, and not because a lot of parsons told them to do it. Humanity as Humanity was a grand thing, quite apart from Christianity. This was the gospel which Jack Leslie took upon himself to preach to the weary toilers of Grimstead—a gospel hardly worth the preaching; but Jack was very young in those days and very rich, and the world had hitherto turned a smiling face upon him. It is only by experience that knowledge cometh, and experience is not always pleasant to the taste.

So it came to pass that Jack Leslie's great experiment proved a failure, after all; and a failure that the poor lad took very much to heart.

He had meant so well, that he felt he deserved to have had his good intentions fulfilled; but even good intentions pave a road which does not lead to celestial cities. Moreover, the Humanity whose praises Leslie had carolled so loudly did not altogether return his affection; for the working-men regarded the wealthy youth as somewhat of a prig, and laughed at him accordingly Jack felt his disappointment so keenly that his health completely broke down, and he was ordered by his doctor to leave busy, noisy, grimy Grimstead for a season, and to take a long holiday with his father's friend, the Rev. James Stockton, the rector of a primitive little fishing village on the East coast. So Leslie shook the dust of Grimstead off his feet, and buried himself and his tired heart and brain in the sweet seclusion of Renton.

At first poor Jack felt rather shy of his friend, for he knew that 'Old Stockton' as he designated him, had no sympathy with new-fangled notions; and Leslie had an uncomfortable suspicion that perhaps, after all, the Rev. James had been right and himself wrong. But Stockton was too wise and good a man to triumph over a fallen foe, even though the foe had fallen through following his own folly; and the rector received Jack's abridged account of his disappointments with the silence which is golden, and then led his worn-out visitor to talk and think of other things. As Mr. Ruskin so beautifully says, 'to watch the corn grow and the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over ploughshare and spade; to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things that make men happy,' and these were the things wherein the happiness of James Stockton lay—a happiness which the feverish, fretful world was powerless either to give or take away; and the good man longed to impart this peace to his weary, over-worked young friend.

A few months at Renton Rectory worked wonders for Jack Leslie. He became healthier physically, and therefore happier mentally, every successive summer's day, and rejoiced the heart of James Stockton by the increase in his appetite and the corresponding decrease in his cynicism. As yet the rector had spoken never a word of reproof or counsel to this young man who had great possessions, though it was oftentimes pain and grief to him to keep silence; but speech and wisdom are not always one.

The day before Jack's return to Grimstead the two friends were sitting 'on the sward of a sheep-trimmed down' overlooking a little creek where the fishing-smacks were kept, and were amusing themselves by watching the futile efforts of two small children who were vainly trying to turn the handle of the windlass whereby their father's boat was to be hauled on to the beach. The little girls pushed and pulled till their small faces were scarlet and their small bodies breathless with their exertions; but the boat budged never an inch. Then the little maidens tried 'a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together,' but four hands of that minute make were of no more use than two in dealing with a sturdy fishing-smack, and the boat remained immovable. Then the tiny pair formed themselves into a committee to discuss the seriousness of the situation.

'We shall never do it, Nan, never; 'cos the boat's so heavy.'

'But we must do it, Nell. It looks so silly when girls can't do things,' and it makes boys laugh.'

'I don't mind the boys laughing, they laugh at everythink—at least, everythink that we does.'

'But you do mind, Nell, you know you do. Why, you cried the other day 'cos Bobby said all girls were softs, and he hated 'em.'

'Well, but Bobby isn't here now, so he won't know,' persisted Nell, still wincing at the bitter memory of her tyrant's cruel charge.

Energetic Nan, seeing that even the remembrance of Bobby's crushing sarcasm was powerless to rouse lazy little Nell on this warm afternoon, changed her tactics, and attempted to appeal to the higher side of her sister's nature:

'I 'spec father's boat 'll be lost if we don't do nuffink; that's what I 'spec.

'Oh, Nan!' gasped Nell, roused at last.

Nan, perceiving her advantage, pursued it:

'I b'lieve there's goin' to be a storm at onst—a dreffal storm, that 'll break the rope and carry the boat right out to sea, and we shan't see it again never no more. And then father 'll say, "If on'y I'd had a little boy like Bobby, 'stead of two silly little girls, he'd have turned the big handle round, and pulled the boat out of the water!" And then father 'll cry, and mother 'll cry, they'll be so dreffal sorry. And Bobby 'll laugh: oh, my! won't Bobby just laugh!'

This gruesome picture of her parents' distress, in conjunction with Bobby's derision, was too much for poor little Nell's tender heart; so she at once rose to her feet, and, with tears in her eyes, expressed her willingness to do all in her power to avert the terrible catastrophe which Nan's vivid imagination had conjured up.

Again the little maids engaged in strenuous, though fruitless attempts to turn the handle of the windlass. But whilst they were still vainly puffing and panting, their father suddenly appeared upon the scene; and, by placing his strong hands beside the children's tiny ones, turned the huge handle at once, and speedily landed his boat high and dry upon the shore. Great was the delight of the little girls to see the desired feat performed at last; and their joy was mingled with thanksgiving that the task had been accomplished before the ruthless but adored Bobby put in an appearance, and became a scoffing spectator of their feminine feebleness

'Jack,' said Mr. Stockton, when the little scene was over, and the fisherman and his children had gone home to tea, 'why didn't the babies land the boat at first?'

'Because their father wasn't there to help them, of course,' answered the young man with surpise at this apparently senseless question.

'Naturally. And why did'nt you draw certain ships out of the sea of drink, and bring them into the haven where you would have them be?'

Leslie was silent.

'I think the same answer will do, my boy,' continued the rector.

'You are laughing at me,' said Jack rather sulkily.

'Of course I am; as you laughed at the babies who tried to land a great boat without their father's help. Take my word for it, Jack, unless your Heavenly Father's hand is beside yours, all your attempts to draw human souls out of the sea of sin will be as futile as the efforts of those children.'

'I suppose you mean that a preacher can do more for Grimstead than I can do!' exclaimed Leslie, bitterly.

'Not a bit of it, my boy, not a bit of it. Paul and Apollos were preachers of the first rank, but neither the planting of the one, nor the watering of the other was of any avail until God gave the increase. I do not suppose I could do any more for Grimstead than you could; but I take it that God could do more than both of us put together. And, moreover, I do not think that you and I will do much at either Grimstead or Renton unless our Father's hand is beside ours; and He is helping us.'

'I believe you are right,' said Leslie, slowly.

'I know I am, my dear Jack. Do you remember the famous saying of St. Theresa? "With three shillings Theresa can do nothing; but with God and three shillings, there is nothing that Theresa cannot do." Besides, if God helps us in our work, He takes the responsibility; and we have only to do our best and leave results to Him. If the work be Jack Leslie's, it is a matter of great moment that what Jack Leslie has to do should be done quickly, as there lie but some fifty odd years before him at the most, in which his warfare must be accomplished or left incomplete for evermore; but if the work be God's, there is no hurry whatsoever about it, for in the Lord's sight a thousand years are as one day, and one day is as a thousand years; and all will be fulfilled in His good time, it being a consideration of no consequence whether you or I or unborn generations are the instruments which He sees fit to employ.'

'Stockton, I have been wrong all along the line, and have failed completely through my ridiculous conceit and folly.'

'Never mind, my boy; it is not yet too late to retrieve your mistake, and to cease from trying to draw up your boats without your Father's help.'

The following day James Stockton speeded his parting guest with many a good wish for his success, and with a standing invitation to Jack to return to Renton whenever the young man should feel that longing for fresh air and friendly sympathy which attacks from time to time all the dwellers in cities.

And Jack departed unto his own place strengthened and refreshed for the work which lay before him, and supported by a firm resolve to attempt nothing in the future without his Father's help.—*Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, in British Workman.*

MANY THIEVES GO DOWN RED LANE.

This is a homely saying, but within its proverb-like garb there lurks an idea which is worth brief consideration. The red lane is the throat, and it was purposed by the Creator as the pathway by which those things that are good for food might supply the strength and repair the waste of the human machine. But alas! how many thieves that rob the power, unnerve the strength, and increase the waste of vitality come in; some boldly, with our knowledge, and others slyly and unaware. Intemperance in food or drink, or even in drugs whose quality if rightly used is remedial, can convert each and all of them into thieves, robbing the user either savagely and without quarter in brigand style, or bit by bit like a sneak thief. The truth that there cannot be a healthful, vigorous manhood or womanhood unless the body be well nourished has caused many to forget that there is a mind and soul to be fed as well, and has enlarged the feeding of the physical powers to a place beyond its rightful deserts. Such people need to be reminded that it is not all of life to eat.

An earnest mistress who feels the responsibilities of her position as fireman to the human engines in her family ought sometimes to consider if she is not turning the means of flesh and muscle into thieves by her unwise use of them. The revival of the art of good cooking, which has happily prevailed during the last decade, has wrought a great benefit. But like many other great movements, there has been a band of stragglers lurking without the camp, and now that the battle is largely won, the thieves rush in to share the spoils. Proud of her victory over countless toothsome dishes, the cook places too many and too rich ones before the hungry eaters. A certain amount of dainties, whose office is merely to tickle the palate, is desirable, but they appear too frequently. Not only are too many dishes devoid of strength-giving qualities set before the eaters, but too many nutritious ones are hurried together down the red lane. Do not let your pride in cookery, your vanity in setting forth a bounteous table, or your unwise desire to gratify the palates of those you gladly cater for, lead you to turn the best evidences of your skill into thieves by your intemperate zeal. Consider well, and let the dishes, cooked and seasoned to perfection, be wisely chosen. Let the simpler foods predominate. Make them varied, and by seasonableness and variety, rather than by richness, please the tastes without despoiling the strength of those who gather at your meals.

Too rich, too abundant foods are not only turned into thieves of their eater's strength, but they steal from those whose skill produces them. They steal the time, they steal the strength, and they steal the very appetite of the weary cook. Too many a woman knows what it is to spend so much time and vitality preparing the meals for her eager, thoughtless household, that she sits down at the laden table with every muscle and nerve quivering, too tired to eat. Be a little just to yourself, mother, and do not rob your own strength to make a merry meal for the family. Do not teach the sturdy boys and girls to be parasites, living off your force. If the evil is already begun, stop, and gradually bring the family back to a healthier life. Do not be too radical in your change else the outcry of pampered tastes will unnerve your resolve.

Last of all, this superabundance and elaborateness of food robs the family purse. It does this doubly; it spends money, and by weakened strength it lessens the capacity. If one cannot work one cannot earn, and the pocket-book is drained in a two-fold way. There are many who are said to put all they earn on their backs, and it is almost as true that many put too large a proportion of their income down the red lane. In either case it profiteth nothing. This rude proverb does not warn against rightful travellers. Do not scorn its warning against the thieves.—*Agnes Bailey Ormsbee, in Harper's Bazar.*

OUR HOME MISSION CLAIMS.

I have heard people say that they did not believe in sending missionaries to foreign lands when there were so many heathens at home. Well, here are more than 69,000 heathen Indians in our own great Dominion of Canada, almost at our doors. Others look on the sentimental side of missions, and wish to give their money, or to go themselves, to a people sunk in superstition and idolatry, to a people of another race and another language. Well, here they are in our own North-West and British Columbia. We send the good news to people in our own land, that is home missions; we also send the good news to people of another race and another language, that is foreign missions. Have the Indians not a double claim on us? Surely they have. They are both foreigners and at the same time our fellow countrymen. They are foreigners as to their race, their language, their habits, their religion; they are fellow countrymen inasmuch as they live under the same government and within the bounds of the same Dominion. —*C. Grey in Endeavor Herald.*

IN PLACE OF ALCOHOL.

It is important for those who abstain from alcohol to take nourishment in its place. Cocoa, milk—especially milk made nearly hot—soup, Leibig's essence, arrow-root made with milk, tea, coffee, bread and milk, porridge and milk are excellent substitutes for stimulants. Sir William Jenner once told me that coffee was more sustaining than tea, yet tea made with really boiling water, and taken with milk, is very reviving, especially if some food is eaten with it.—*Duchess of Rutland.*

FOR TEMPERANCE SUNDAY.

PLEDGE THE CHILDREN.

These are the days of preventive work. So rear a city full of boys that they shall not form the habit of using liquor, and you will in a few years be able to double your public parks, double the efficiency of your public schools and indulge in civic improvements, unthought of save in your wildest dreams. Why? Because you will have the money to do it with, the money you would otherwise have to spend in caring for the drunkards, lunatics and criminal classes thrown on your hands by the liquor traffic.

That is an impossibility, you say?

It is not impossible for you now to do your share towards it. Train every boy under your influence to be a total abstainer. Among the thousand pitfalls spread for the feet of our boys, only the Christian total abstainers are safe. Such a boy or young man has a thousand chances for success in life, compared with one who is not principled against the use of liquor and its kindred vices, smoking, gambling, and bad language. This training lies very largely in the hands of Sunday-school teachers, and no better use can be made of the quarterly Temperance Sunday, than to induce the children, with a due sense of the solemnity of the act, to sign a more or less comprehensive pledge of total abstinence. For younger children, it has been often found wise to limit the pledge to one year, and repeat it annually. Older children will pledge themselves till they attain their majority, or for life. Neither should this pledge be confined to the pupils. Every member of a school, from superintendent and officers and teachers, down to the tiniest child, should be ranged on the right side in the great battle with sin.

The next temperance Sunday comes on the 17th of June, and it is now time for pastors and superintendents to begin to make arrangements for it. A capital plan to secure signatures to a pledge is to prepare it in the form of an

HONOR ROLL.

Every school has an amateur artist somewhere within reach who with a sheet of Bristol board and a few colors will produce such a roll with as handsome an illuminated heading as could be desired. The rest of the space below the heading should be neatly ruled for the names. When all the signatures are secured, the roll should be neatly framed and hung in a conspicuous place.

But THIS ROLL IS NOT ENOUGH. Every signer should be presented with a smaller card, containing the same pledge which he will also sign and then take home to hang in a conspicuous place in his room, a constant reminder of his sacred pledge to God and his fellows. These cards, it is impossible to prepare at home in the quantities needed, but we are prepared to furnish them in colors and designs to suit all tastes and purses.

Below are given samples of pledges most commonly used. Choose which one you prefer, what text or motto you would like combined with it, with suggestions of the color of and size of cards, and the colors of ink you would prefer, and the name and address of your school, and we will let you know at once the lowest cost in lots of 25 and upwards. In ordering, it is important to remember that the cost is in the setting and that, therefore, one hundred cards will cost but little more than one. Every additional colored ink, of course, will add to the cost. The pledges given are only samples. If you have another which you prefer, send it to us.

Address,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'WITNESS' PRINTING HOUSE,
Montreal.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE PLEDGE.

I Solemnly Promise, by the Grace of God, that I will ABSTAIN from the use of all

INTOXICATING DRINKS

As a BEVERAGE; that I will neither Make, Buy, Sell nor Offer such to any person, and will try to induce others to do the same.

(Signed in Duplicate).....

Witness.....

(Date).....

BAND OF HOPE PLEDGE.

I hereby solemnly promise, GOD HELPING ME, to abstain from all Distilled, Fermented and Malt Liquors, including Wine and Cider; also, from the use of Tobacco and Profane Language.

Name.....

Date.....

SACRED PLEDGE.

DECLARATION:—I hereby promise, by God's help, to abstain from all intoxicating Liquors, as a beverage, for Christ's sake. Amen.

CERTIFICATE.

.....189

I HEREBY CERTIFY that.....
having taken the above PLEDGE, is a Member of.....Band of Hope.
.....President.
.....Vice-President.
Countersigned by.....Sec.-Treas.

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